

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

THE Bill just promoted by the Trustees of the British Museum has excited considerable surprise. It is a Bill to enable the Trustees "to deposit copies of local newspapers with local authorities, and to dispose of valueless printed matter." The first proposal arises out of the immense and continuous accumulation of newspapers at the Museum. It is desired to relieve the pressure on the Museum's space by placing under the custody of local bodies all newspapers published since 1837. But surely it is within the dates 1837—1900, &c., that research is most frequent. And the prospect of having to go to Eatanswill to consult the *Eatanswill Gazette* is not alluring to students. We should have thought the remedy was to pull down the old barns and build greater. In the other matter we sympathise with the Trustees. What they account rubbish is probably rubbish; it is their business to know, and Trustees should be trusted within wide limits.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S new comedy in three acts, "The Wisdom of the Wise," will follow Mr. Grundy's play at the St. James's Theatre, according to present arrangements. "A Repentance" is to be performed at the Empire Theatre, New York, this month. Miss Rahn, who made a great success as Ursyne in "Osbern and Ursyne" at the Empire Theatre, has been engaged as leading lady by Mr. Richard Mansfield.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE, we regret to hear, is lying seriously ill at the mediæval house in Sussex, Brede Place, where he has been living for the past two years.

"MR. C." is the title of an eight-page pamphlet, we have received, calling itself "An Appendix to Dictionary of National Biography, Volume 62." The use of the word appendix by anyone but Messrs. Smith Elder seems a trifle bold. We find that the pamphlet deals with the Woodfalls and Sir Philip Francis; it is for students of the "Junius" controversy.

MR. GEORGE MOORE contributes to the *North American Review* a characteristic paper on "Some Characteristics of English Fiction." His present whim is to distinguish the great from the small in literature, by asking himself if a story is symbolic; "if it be a symbol, that is to say, if it be the outward sign of a moral idea." Turning to women, Mr. Moore finds that it would be as vain to seek a symbolic novel among women as to seek a religion. He will not even allow it in George Eliot, "who tried to think like a man, and produced admirable counterfeits of his thoughts in wax-work. So far her novels may be said to be symbolical." Mr. Moore utters many other curious things a little wearily, for the world is very inattentive, and concludes with a prophecy: "I stop without having said all. England has produced the richest poetical literature in the world, and in Shakespeare, in Milton, in Shelley, in Wordsworth she will find her true immortality. Her Empire will pass away and be forgotten like the Babylonian and the Persian, for the heart only remembers ideas and dreams."

OUR competition last week for the best suggestion of a subject for an historical novel may well have caused a momentary lifting of the brows to historical novelists. It is not pleasant to find the very subject suggested on which you have been working for months. Thus, apropos of "M. C. B.'s" suggestion for a historical novel on the subject of "The Romance of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Lucy, Lady Carlisle," Mr. Frank Matthew writes: "I have been at work upon a romance based on the fall of Strafford for some months. I don't want to seem guilty of priggishness someone else's idea, and if you would mention this in your columns I would be grateful."

THE *Daily Graphic* has published and sold in London streets the *Ladysmith Lyre*. We hope our contemporary will do a similar service for the *Friend*, the paper edited by the war correspondents at Bloemfontein. A recent issue contained "A First Impression," by Dr. Conan Doyle, a little article which thrills because it narrates the thing worth seeing by the man who can see. We are indebted to the *Daily Mail* for the portions we quote. Dr. Doyle begins: "It was only General Smith-Dorrien's Brigade, but if it could have passed, just as it was, down Piccadilly, it would have driven London crazy."

I watched them—ragged, bearded, fierce-eyed infantry—struggling along under a cloud of dust. Who could have conceived, who had seen the grim soldier in time of peace, that he could so quickly transform himself into this grim, virile barbarian? Bull-dog faces, hawk faces, hungry wolf faces, every sort of face except a weak one. Here and there a man smoking a pipe, here and there a man who smiled; but most have swarthy faces and lean a little forward with eyes steadfast and features impassive but resolute. Here is a clump of mounted infantry, a grizzled fellow like a fierce old eagle at the head of them. Some are maned like lions, some have young, keen faces, but all leave an impression of familiarity upon me; yet I have not seen Irregular British Cavalry before. Why should it be so familiar to me, this loose-limbed, head-erect, swaggering type? Of course! I have seen it in an American cowboy over and over again. Strange that a few months on the veldt should have produced exactly the same man as springs from the western prairie!

But these men are warriors amid war. Their eyes are hard and quick. They have a gaunt, intent look, like men who live always under a show of danger.

IN another column we give, by permission of the London manager of *McClure's Magazine*, some extracts from a chapter in the forthcoming biography of Prof. Huxley by Mr. Leonard Huxley. These letters show how, from the first, width and proportion marked Huxley's life. He studied, but he lived. He could leave his medusæ and crayfish, and be, in matters of faith and conduct, a fisher of men. Loving to seek out the beginnings of life, he did not miss the love of Woman, in whom all beginning is statued and exalted. When he lifted his eyes from an almost protoplasmic cell, he could still see life steady and whole. That he should have designed so to live is not remarkable, for youth is generous; it is more noteworthy that he lived so to the end, thoroughly warming his hands at the fire of life.

THE "Foreword" to the English translation of Gerhart Hauptmann's fairy play, "The Sunken Bell," is by an American writer, Charles Henry Metzler, who describes Hauptmann's appearance when he visited America some years ago.

Instead of the aggressive, self-confident man I had fancied him, I saw a student—almost an ascetic. His boyish air and shrinking gravity were curiously at variance with the great will-power betokened by his set though tortured lips and the experience in his pale and weary eyes. He had a smooth face; a high forehead, crowned with short and careless hair; a well-shaped, sensitive nose. If I had passed him in the street I might have set him down as a fervid young curate, or a seminarist. A painful, introspective, haunted earnestness was stamped upon his face—the face of a thinker, a dreamer, a genius.

Hauptmann is now thirty-six. His first play, written under the spell of Tolstoy, was "Vor Sonnenaufgang," produced eleven years ago at the Berlin Lessing Theatre. Each play that he produced raised a controversy noisy with admiration and derision. But in "Lonely Lives" his art became more delicate, in "The Weavers" more embracing and commanding. "Hannele" and "Florian Geyer" followed. The last play was to have been part of a dramatic trilogy dealing with the Reformation, but its failure put an end to the plan. In "The Sunken Bell" we have a fairy tale into which we are invited to read almost what we will. Its symbolism will fit æsthetic, moral, social, and religious interpretations. Mr. Metzler gives his own ideas of what Hauptmann means, but the reader will be wise to ignore these until he has read the play in a receptive spirit. The translation is "free," and is in verse.

MR. W. G. COLLINGWOOD has recast his *Life and Work of John Ruskin* (1893), and it is now issued in one volume, under the title *The Life of John Ruskin*. There have been added new biographical details and a number of letters hitherto unprinted, while the story of Ruskin's life has been brought to a close in a final chapter. In this chapter Mr. Collingwood relates that in his last days Ruskin would pore over, and drowse over, his pet books by the hour. One of these was *A Fleet in Being*, lent to him by a little boy. "He read and re-read it; then got a copy for himself, and might have learnt it by heart, so long he pored over it."

CANON RAWNSLEY proposes to place on the brow of Friars Crag a memorial, in the form of an early British cross, to John Ruskin. The site has been selected because it was the place that made the first deep impression of the beauty of nature upon his mind. "The first thing," wrote Ruskin, "which I remember as an event in life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friars Crag, on Derwentwater." Subscriptions should be sent to Canon Rawnsley, Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick.

VISITORS to Nîmes will soon be able to pay their respects to a statue of Alphonse Daudet which is about to be placed in the Square de la Couronne, with considerable pomp, though without any contributory recognition from the French Academy. The sculptor, M. Falguères, has evidently been a good deal inspired by M. Léon Daudet's fine book about his father, for he has represented the author in his latter years, with his fine head poised in meditation. It is, of course, as "l'homme du Midi," as the author of *Tartarin de Tarascon* and *Numa Roumestan*, and as the analyst and eulogist of southern character, that Daudet is to be acclaimed and enthroned at Nîmes. Daudet had a keen sense of place and climate, and their influence on temperament and character. He used to say that every country had its "north" and "south," with their psychological differences; and he loved those authors who made much of their native air, and allowed it to

invigorate and influence their work. He would talk like this to his son:

When a young man, be he boastful or timid, comes to see me with his little volume in his hand, I say to him: "What is your country?"—"It is so and so, Monsieur." "Is it long since you left your home and the old people?"—"So long." "Shall you go back?"—"I don't know." "Why not at once, now that you have tasted Paris? Are they poor?"—"Oh, no, Monsieur, in easy circumstances." "Then fly to them, unhappy youth. I see you undecided, young, impressionable. I don't believe you really have in you that Balzacian energy that boils and ferments under its attic roof. Listen to my advice, you'll thank me for it later. Go back to the fold. Make yourself a solitude in a corner of the mansion or the farm. Explore your memory. The recollections of childhood are the bright and unpoisoned spring of all masterly creative power that you possess. There is another reason you must see; you have time. Make all about you—the farmers, the sportsmen, the girls, the old men, the vagabonds—talk with you. Let all that focus again! And, if you have talent, you will write a personal book, with your mark on it, that will interest your own people first, and the public too, if you chance to get hold of a well constructed plot."

Daudet's advice would surely fit the cases of a great many young writers who have come to London to write novels on stock subjects, leaving their liveliest inspirations behind them. But Léon Daudet recognised the hopelessness of such advice, and so do we.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN has taken the opportunity of the Queen's visit to Ireland to reprint some travel impressions on Ireland, which he contributed in two papers to *Blackwood's Magazine* a few years ago. To these Mr. Austin appends a poem written at Dugort, in the Island of Achill, in 1895. We quote the last stanza of the poet's counsel to Erin:

Live your own life, but ever at our side!
Have your own Heaven, but blend your prayer with ours!
Remain your own fair self, to bridegroom bride,
Veiled in your mist and diamonded with showers,
We twain love-linked whom nothing can divide!
Look up! From Slievemore's brow to Dingle's shore,
From Inagh's lake to Innisfallen's Isle
And Garriff's glen, the land is one green smile!
The dolphins gambol and the laverocks soar:
Lift up your heart and live, enthralled to grief no more!

COMPARISONS between Dickens and Thackeray always seem peculiarly profitless, and we are sorry to see that Mr. W. J. Dawson insists on extolling Dickens at the expense of his great contemporary in the *Young Man*, a paper in which criticism has a kind of instructional weight with its readers. That Dickens "much excels" Thackeray as a creator of character is strange doctrine. If for creator Mr. Dawson had written "recorder" or "collector" we should not have complained; but Mr. Dawson actually goes on to ask: "Indeed, whom is there that Dickens does not excel?" Which has the merit of closing the discussion so far as we are concerned. We are glad that Mr. Dawson draws his readers' attention to Mark Rutherford with the just remark: "He has the secret of a certain sad fortitude of spirit, and knows how to impart it."

"W. F. W.," whose "Notes About" are such a pleasant weekly feature of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, tells the world about the difficulty he had to obtain an inexpensive Bible containing the Apocrypha. His experiences seem to have been similar to those which were detailed in the *ACADEMY* by another searcher nearly two years ago. It may be remembered that the nearest contact with a copy of the Apocrypha which our contributor gained was in a second-hand bookshop in the Brompton-road, where the book-

seller's only copy had just gone to "a gentleman at Cricklewood." "W. F. W." was more fortunate. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge supplied him with a copy of the Apocrypha in ruby 32mo (to match a sixpenny Bible) for sevenpence. Even this copy had no title-page, but, instead, an "apologetic-looking extract from Article 6." The British and Foreign Bible Society, it seems, refuses to print the Apocrypha at all. As "W. F. W." says: "Benefactors do not approve of these Apocryphal utterances; and practical considerations must naturally prevail at 146, Queen Victoria-street." However, it seems that the rarity of the Apocrypha is itself apocryphal. Mr. Henry Frowde states that some fifty editions of Oxford Bibles contain it; and the Apocrypha alone, bound in leather, and with a proper title-page, is issued by Mr. Frowde in eight different sizes.

MORE than one literary gossip has remarked a certain incongruity in the newspapers between the stern tidings of the war and the trifles of criticism and book talk. Mr. Edmund Gosse reconciled the two elements very happily in the verses which he read at the dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club last Thursday evening. They were as follows:

While Zál and Rustum drew their thunderous line
Across the rolling veldts that shift and shine,
Or marching down the long sun-bitten road,
Went wheeling round Rhinocerosfontein,—

We, laagered safe from all our shadowy foes,
Performed our rites and waved the double rose,
Feasted in innocently Persian mode,
And told each other—what the master knows.

In peace we drank; yet never might forget
With what rare wine the wilderness was wet,

What vintage, poured for us, the withering grass
Holds to our glory and eternal debt.

Nor will forget. Yet are we folk of peace,
We long to hear the ringing warfare cease,
And o'er our feast a purpler flush will pass
When Zál comes home with Rustum from the seas.

REFERRING to the retirement of Dr. Sewell from the wardenship of New College, the *Queen* makes a curious slip. It says: "It is hard to believe that any man is still alive who has seen Dr. Johnson working in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. But Dr. J. Sewell, the venerable warden of New College, has done so." This is, of course, wrong. Dr. Johnson died in 1784! Probably the *Queen* writer had too hastily read our own paragraph, which stated that Dr. Sewell was said to be the only man in Oxford who had spoken to men who had seen Dr. Johnson in the famous library—a very different matter.

CONCERNING our recent suggestion that a book on the war by Mr. Charles Hands would probably be good reading, a writer in *Country Life* says: "Mr. Hands has as many admirers as he has acquaintances, for he is one of the most charming little men living; but if he were to write a book the only question is whether his friends would be more delighted or more surprised. He has always served his newspaper nobly, particularly in Cuba; but a laughing philosophy is second nature to him, and, knowing him very well, I simply cannot picture to myself Charles Hands sitting down to write a long book. If he did it would be a fountain of humour and of shrewdness, and facts would never be permitted to hamper him for a moment."

WE have received the second and third series of the *Illustrated Topographical Record of London* issued by the London Topographical Society; and we regret to find that the third series is somewhat attenuated owing to want of funds and that a different mode of publication is likely to be necessitated in future. This invaluable *Record* is too

little known. Let us state, then, that the London Topographical Society has for years employed Mr. J. P. Emslie to make careful drawings of the exteriors and interiors of interesting London buildings before their demolition. In all about fifty such drawings have been issued in the three neat paper-cover books now before us, and to the drawings have been added interesting architectural and historical notes by Mr. Emslie and Mr. Philip Norman. Thus, in the second and third series, we have Mr. Emslie's accurate records of Fore-street as it was in 1880, when it still suggested the street in which Daniel Defoe was born; of No. 16, Fetter-lane, a reputed home of Dryden, pulled down in 1887; and of the north end of High-street, St. Giles's, before the formation of the Charing Cross-road; &c. In the third series are drawings of old houses in Aldersgate-street, remains of the old "Hummums" Hotel, Covent Garden, &c. We are glad to learn that though the separate publication of these records is likely to cease Mr. Emslie's drawings will in future embellish the Society's Year Book.

BESIDES their illustrated "Record" of topographical changes and demolished buildings in London, the work of the London Topographical Society embraces the reproduction of maps and views in facsimile, the design being to form a chronological series from the earliest extant maps to recent times. Lord Rosebery is the president of the society, Lord Welby is its vice-president, there is an influential council, and the Society conducts its operations in its own offices at 16, Clifford's-inn, where the works already issued may be inspected. Their most recent undertaking is the reproduction of a panoramic picture of the highway from Hyde-park Corner to Addison-road, made by the surveyor of the Kensington Turnpike Trustees in 1811. The drawing is, of course, a survey, but the elevations on the north side are given for the whole distance, and these compose a charming panorama of the highway as it was in the days of stage-coaches. The previous issues of the society include Van den Wyngaerde's View of London, a facsimile of the original drawing made in the middle of the sixteenth century, now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Visscher's View of London in 1616, Porter's Map of London and Westminster taken shortly before the Great Fire, may also be mentioned, and there are others no less interesting.

A PHRASE there is that needs correction. We read in a contemporary that the late Mr. Archibald Forbes "wore out prematurely his cast-iron constitution." We should have thought that the constitution which enabled Mr. Forbes to perform such extraordinary feats as his 110 miles' gallop from Ulundi, or his not less amazing feats of endurance at Plevna, and which never broke down but merely "wore out," had little in common with cast iron, which, as every housewife knows, is brittle to a fault. A "wrought iron" constitution would be the right description, in terms of iron. Yet the other epithet is almost always chosen in such cases.

SEVERAL correspondents have written asking whether the acknowledgments of Special Competitions which we printed last week covered all that we had received from the first. No; they were merely the last instalment. The essays, poems, &c., received by us number many hundreds.

VERY recently a contemporary allowed a correspondent to ask, "Does Anyone Read Shakespeare?" We are able to state that Messrs. Snowdon, Sons & Co., of Millwall, London, E., read the Plays with some diligence. They have issued the Swan's own testimony to the merits of their Snowdrift Lubricant for Engineers. We cannot quote the whole of the ingenious list of quotations of which the initial letters, when read down the page,

give the legend, "Engineers Will Find Snowdrift Lubricant Always Best," but we will quote part of it:

S mooth as oil! 1 *Henry IV.*, Act I, sc. iii.
 N oted and most known! *Hamlet*, Act II, sc. i.
 O rder the trial! *Richard II.*, Act I, sc. iii.
 W elcome! I am glad to see thee! *Hamlet*, Act II, sc. ii.
 D eserved the praise of the world! *Cymbeline*, Act V, sc. iv.
 R un smooth! *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I, sc. i.
 I come to answer thy best pleasure! *All's Well*, Act II, sc. i.
 F or achievement offer us! *Henry V.*, Act III, sc. v.
 T he very best that e'er I saw! *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, sc. i.
 L eave no rubs nor botches in the work! *Macbeth*, Act III, sc. i.
 U nrivalled merit! *Two Gentleman of Verona*, Act V, sc. iv.
 B est am I in true opinion! *Winter's Tale*, Act II, sc. i.
 R egards me with an eye of favour! *Much Ado*, Act V, sc. iv.
 I mmediately delivered! *Titus Andronicus*, Act V, sc. i.
 C annot but yield you forth to public thanks! *Measure for Measure*, Act V, sc. i.
 A pprobation for thy place and sway! *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I, sc. iii.
 N oble is thy merit! *Richard II.*, Act V, sc. vi.
 T ell the world aloud! *Measure for Measure*, Act II, sc. iv.

We have received an anonymous contribution of a harrowing character, entitled "The Return of the Spring: an Author's Lament." It is interesting, and very well written; indeed, the author of such a composition has little reason to lament on the score of his literary ability. Nor do his private troubles seem to us to be incurable; his confession is sown with "cannots" which we simply "cannot" accept. We give him this intimation that his article is too long for us to use, and that it will lie at this office until he claims it. A shorter and more inspiring contribution from his pen would have our consideration.

Bibliographical.

"I FIND that in Moore's *Diary*," writes a well-known journalist—for all the world as if he had never read that work till now, which one can hardly believe to be the case—"he speaks of Sydney Smith imitating, among the various forms of hand-shaking to be met with in society, 'the high official, the Archbishop of York's, who carries your hand aloft on a level with his forehead.'" Moore, of course, is an authority on what he saw and heard; but I prefer, in this case, that of Lady Holland, who, in her memoirs of her father (1855, Vol. I, p. 403), prints a little speech on hand-shaking which (she says) Sydney Smith addressed to a young lady, beginning: "There is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. I have classified them. There is the high official—the body erect, and a rapid, short shake, near the chin"—and so forth. This latter version is much better than Moore's; and I fancy the whole passage is to be found repeated in the slender volume called *Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith*, which was published some sixteen years ago, and which I can heartily recommend to the attention of my brother scribe.

In writing last week about Miss Arabella Shore, I forgot to mention that she describes herself, on the title-page of her *First and Last Poems*, just issued, as "editor of the *Journal of Emily Shore*." So far as I know, this is the first public announcement of the interesting fact. If I remember rightly, Miss Emily Shore's *Journal* was pub-

lished in 1891 without any editor's name. The preliminary information, indeed, was rather meagre, and the *Journal*, very rightly, was allowed to stand on its own merits. Unquestionably Miss Emily Shore was not the least notable member of a notable family. She died, I think, in her teens, of consumption; but her *Journal* shows that she had considerable mental and spiritual gifts, and that, if she had had a longer life, she might have left behind her some solid literary achievement. Meanwhile the *Journal* itself will no doubt have the effect of keeping her memory green, at any rate among those who have leisure and liking for research in the bye-ways of book-land.

Yet another variant on the epigram which I quoted the other day from Bishop Walsham How's *Lighter Moments*! Says the Rev. John J. Poynter, writing from Oswestry: "I vividly remember yet another version of the lines—more picturesque, too, and vigorous in some ways—being read to us students in sermon class assembled:

My daughters praise our curate's eyes;
 I cannot see their light divine;
 For when he prays he closes his,
 And when he preaches I close mine.

They were from the *Spectator* of that week—somewhere, probably, in March 1877." That is all very well; but George Outram's *Legal Lyrics*, &c., were printed—privately—so long ago as 1851, and any claim to the epigram I quoted from that volume must at least be dated prior to that year, or it is of none effect. I still think that the lines as printed in the *Lyrics* (latest edition, I believe, 1888) are more satisfactory than any of the versions supplied by my kind correspondents.

Not so very long ago there was produced in London a little one-act play called "Dr. Johnson," in which, if my memory serves me, not only the great lexicographer, but also the faithful Boswell, was among the *personæ*. The desire to portray "littery gents" upon the stage appears to be spreading. The *Daily News* has drawn our attention to a current American piece, by a reputable playwright, in which Oliver Goldsmith (poor man!) is the title-character, and in which his legendary love for Miss Horneck is exploited for all (or more than) it is worth. It is, however, only fair to remember that, so far as Goldie is concerned, the Yankees are not the first sinners in this respect. Just two years ago there was performed at a London theatre a "curtain-raiser" entitled "The Rescue of Oliver Goldsmith," in which, by the way, Dr. Johnson once more figured. This had been preceded, by half-a-dozen years, by a little one-act drama (played in the country), for which Mr. F. Frankfort Moore was responsible—a dramatic trifle, named (in simplest fashion) "Oliver Goldsmith." There is, however, no limit to the boldness of these playmakers. Did not Charles Reade introduce into his "Masks and Faces" no less a personage than Colley Cibber, his superior in stage-craft, if in nothing else?

Talking of literature and the stage, what a benefactor the latter can, on occasion, be to the former! The circulation of the dramatised novel or poem expands as if by magic. To put a story on the "boards" is to "boom" it splendidly. I take it, therefore, that there is, and has been, and will be, a great run upon the English versions of *Quo Vadis*, the tale by H. B. Sienkiewicz, which is to be "theatricalised" at the Adelphi under American auspices and in the provinces under Mr. Wilson Barrett. The first translation into English of *Quo Vadis* published in this country appears to have been that by Jeremiah Curtin, brought out in November, 1896, and then (in two volumes) in December, 1897, and again in May and July, 1898. Another version, by Messrs. S. A. Binion and S. Malevsky, appeared in April and July of last year, and is to be purchased, apparently, for the small sum of one shilling. There is a chance, therefore, of *Quo Vadis* becoming familiar as a story, as well as in the garb of a drama, to the English "man in the street." THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Husk of Technique.

When We Dead Awaken: a Dramatic Epilogue in Three Acts. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

ART *versus* life—that is the theme of this strange piece, which is less a self-contained play than a disastrous and futile *coda* to some long-preceding dramatic action, as, indeed, the sub-title partially indicates. The principal characters are four. There are, first, Prof. Rubek, the great sculptor, and his Philistine little wife Maia, who are vainly trying to enjoy the fruits of worldly success. Rubek has made his name and fortune by his group, "The Resurrection Day," of which the central figure is "the noblest, purest, most ideal woman the world ever saw" awakening from the sleep of death. Since the completion of that masterpiece he has done nothing but portrait busts—"striking likenesses," but with something "equivocal, cryptic, lurking in and behind" them, something that the people themselves cannot see, and that Rubek alone can see. "At bottom they are all respectable, pompous horsefaces, and self-opinionated donkey-muzzles, lop-eared, low-browed dog-skulls, and fatted swine-snouts." Rubek is fundamentally dissatisfied with himself and his art; he is overset by the tedium of the world and the desolating dull companionship of Maia, to whom art is only a word. In vain he tells her that he is happy—"in a way." In the next breath, speaking in a parable, as all the characters speak, he curtly informs the poor little doll that she is "not born to be a mountaineer." And Maia, too, is restless, querulous, unhappy. She complains that Rubek has not fulfilled his original promise to "take her up to a high mountain and show her all the glory of the world"; it is in reply to this that Rubek taunts her with her inability to climb.

Such is the *impasse*, when the other two characters appear in the bathing-establishment where Rubek and Maia are staying. Squire Ulfheim enters with an oath, and describes himself thus: "A bear-hunter, when I have the chance, madam. But I make the best of any sort of game that comes in my way—eagles, and wolves, and women, and elks, and reindeer—if only it's fresh and juicy and has plenty of blood in it." Maia is taken with his unaffected animalism, and at his suggestion goes off to inspect his dogs; Maia has met her fate. Then comes the fourth character, "the strange lady," dressed in white and followed by a black nun. She gazes at Rubek "with vacant expressionless eyes."

RUBEK: I know you quite well, Irene.

THE LADY [*in a toneless voice*]: You can guess who I am, Arnold.

RUBEK [*without answering*]: And you recognise me too, I see.

THE LADY: That is quite another matter.

RUBEK: With me? How so?

THE LADY: Oh, you are still alive.

RUBEK [*not understanding*]: Alive—?

THE LADY [*after a short pause*]: Who was the other? The woman you had with you—there at the table?

RUBEK [*a little reluctantly*]: She? That was my—my wife.

THE LADY [*nods slowly*]: Indeed. That is well, Arnold. Some one, then, that does not concern me—

RUBEK [*nods*]: No, of course not—

THE LADY: One whom you have taken to you after my lifetime.

RUBEK [*suddenly looking hard at her*]: After you—? What do you mean by that, Irene?

Irene is mad, in some respects. Among other disorders she has homicidal mania, and the black nun keeps a strait waistcoat for her. Irene sat nude to Rubek for the statue of the young woman. As deeply as the sculptor himself Irene was absorbed in the statue; she always calls it "her

child." Rubek accepted her services and co-operation, and then thanked her "for a priceless episode," and then showed her the door, her who had "renounced home and kindred" for him. Her charge against him now is threefold. First, he put "the work of art first—after it the human being." Second, he was so passionless as to respect her honour. Third, she had to give up to him her "young living soul, and that gift left me empty within—soulless. It was that I died of, Arnold."

Rubek (after the manner of men) perceives the value of the treasure he had cast aside. He hints to Maia that he wishes to commit adultery, in order to be able to resume his artistic activity. Maia, "unconcerned," replies that she can go away if necessary, and adds: "But it won't be; for in town—in all our great house—there must surely, with a little goodwill, be room enough for three." Maia then goes off hunting with Ulfheim. Rubek proposes adultery to Irene, but Irene, "immovable," answers: "For our life there is no resurrection." Later, however, "with a wild expression in her eyes," she breaks out to him: "Will you have a summer night on the upland—with me?" And the assignation is made. But still there is no contentment.

RUBEK [*repeats dreamily*]: Summer night on the upland. With you: with you [*His eyes met hers*], oh! Irene—that might have been our life. And that we have forfeited—we two.

IRENE: We see the irretrievable only when—[*breaks off short*].

RUBEK: When?

IRENE: When we dead awaken.

RUBEK [*shakes his head mournfully*]: What do we really see then?

IRENE: We see that we have never lived.

In the brief third act, when "dawn is breaking" on the hills, Maia, out hunting with Ulfheim, barely saves herself from the atrocious advances of that libertine; while Rubek and Irene, wending their way to the furthest upland, "through the mists and then right up to the summit of the tower that shines in the sunrise," are overwhelmed by an avalanche. The attendant black nun, unharmed, shrieks "Pax vobiscum"—this is her sole speech—and Maia's "triumphant song" of freedom sounds from below. *Finis*.

It is a plain, repellent tale, told with nearly all Ibsen's old masterful skill. The play would probably "act" very well. Every page is full of subtle dramatic quality, and the great scene between Rubek and Irene in Act II. is beyond the slightest doubt extremely powerful. The characters are fully realised for us. They may be exquisitely unnatural, but we see them as Ibsen meant us to see them. There is no fumbling, no uncertainty. The supreme craftsman has been at work. But what then? Is this all? Are we to pretend that we have not tried to pierce the superficies of this sinister, abhorrent, and sterile narrative? Ibsen has more than once fretted against those who try to "read into" his work messages which he never sent. His attitude has always been: "My plays mean nothing." In the first act of the present play, when Maia urges that though the world knows nothing it can divine something, Rubek replies: "Something that isn't there at all, yes. Something that never was in my mind. Ah, yes, that they can all go into ecstasies over." We have no intention of going into ecstasies, but we do say that the reader is compelled at least to attempt "to divine something" under the factual envelope. By causing all his persons to speak in metaphors, Ibsen leaves him no alternative. The reader, like Rubek, must perforce exclaim, "sadly and earnestly": "There is something hidden behind everything you say." The whole piece is a welter of dark utterances, vague symbolisms and mysterious figures of speech. Here is an example. Rubek and Maia are talking of a railway journey by night:

RUBEK: I noticed how silent it became at all the little roadside stations. I heard the silence—like you, Maia—

MAIA: H'm! like me. Yes.

RUBEK:—and that assured me that we had crossed the frontier—that we were really at home. For the train stopped at all the little stations—although there was nothing doing at all.

MAIA: Then why did it stop—though there was nothing to be done?

RUBEK: Can't say. No one got out or in; but all the same the train stopped a long, endless time. And at every station I could make out that there were two railway men walking up and down the platform—one had a lantern in his hand—and they said things to each other in the night—low, and toneless, and meaningless.

MAIA: Yes, that is quite true. There are always two men walking up and down, and talking—

There are scores of similar passages in the play—the bramah-locked casket, the girl whose shoes were worn very thin, the wounded bird of prey, the habitation of the bears, the ships with no harpoon-men on board, the heights, the valleys, the "tight place," and many more. It is idle to assert that these may properly mean nothing. Either they mean something, or they are absurd and constitute a needless and irritating violation of that inner realism of dialogue upon which Ibsen has always insisted. And not only episodically, but in its large outlines the play has all the semblance of a parable. The story seems always to be hiding some spiritual significance. Hence the inevitable question: What is that spiritual significance? Frankly, we do not know. More frankly, we do not believe that it exists. To read *When We Dead Awaken* is like beating in the dark against an agitated curtain in the vain quest of some solid figure on the other side. The curtain drops heavily back at every stroke, till at length the searcher desists, baffled and weary. If, indeed, there be aught behind the curtain, it is un bodied shapes, elusive, formless, futile.

We, as well as any, can appreciate the tremendous force which Ibsen has been, the singleness of his aim, and the greatness of his achievement. But the heat of the battle which raged round him is now cooled, and none but the most desperate fighters—in whose ears the war-cry will never cease to ring—can fail to recognise, if they will be honest, that a fine genius has passed into its period of decadence. The last four plays are fourfold proof of this. In the mere fact of decadence there should be no cause for sorrow, for it is a phenomenon of natural law. Every artist, if he lives out his life, becomes decadent; but not all in the same way. With some the decadence is tender and serene, as with Shakespeare. With others it is unquiet, hysterical, inconsequent—as though the artistic vitality, retaining its energy, had gone to sleep, and worked creatively in a feverish and amorphous dream. This is Ibsen's case. His career has been a concentration of himself upon himself, too complete to be entirely healthy. Like the Rubek whom Irene knew, he gave up life for art. It was a grand renunciation, but even renunciations have to be paid for, and Ibsen is paying for his in the manner of his decadence.

Some Mysticism and a Mystic.

An Essay in Aid of the Better Appreciation of Catholic Mysticism. Illustrated from the Writings of Blessed Angela of Foligno. By Algar Thorold. (Kegan Paul.)

WITH Mr. Thorold's aim I have every sympathy, if I rightly understand it. He aspires to ingratiate Catholic mysticism with the intelligent public; to divorce mysticism from its popular association with Mr. John Wellington Wells and the saltatory education of drawing-room tables. The motive is excellent, but it comes to mean in practice the popularisation, and I am sure that popular mysticism is an evil thing. The precise aim of Mr. Thorold's present book is to present "the constituents of mysticism," and (it

must be assumed from the title-page) to illustrate them from the writings of the Franciscan mystic, Angela da Foligno. I do not see that he has presented the constituents of mysticism. This is a pity, for he is a writer of considerable distinction as regards style. His most profound and illuminatively original points are taken from Coventry Patmore, whom he has evidently studied. Not that I impeach the general originality of his treatise. I would he had taken more; above all, Mr. Patmore's perspicuous sense of order, his pregnant condensation and concentration upon his subject. Mr. Thorold divagates with exasperating fluency upon the slightest provocation. He cannot resist a controversial opening, however far it may lure him from the matter of his professed thesis. He thinks it necessary, "incidentally and by way of illustration," to describe "a hypothetical process of conversion, and also to suggest the sort of way in which the modern Catholic mystic may be disposed, for the sake of his own peace of mind, to meet some current objections to Catholic faith and practice." This incidental illustration ultimately occupies the greater part of the treatise. I presume that I am more or less a "mystic," in Mr. Thorold's loose sense of the term; but it is not for my peace of mind to pursue and criticise him through his "incidental" divagation, and divagations upon divagation. I cannot see that they are "necessary," nor why they should absorb needful space. A controversy on "Bible Christianity," for example—what is it doing in this galley, or will it conciliate the outsider's sympathies towards mysticism? Suasive exposition should surely be the means employed. He elaborately piles the arguments for scepticism drawn from physical science, merely to explain that the "natural mystic" will start from a quite other basis of thought. Why waste time in such elaborate entrenchments if you intend to pass them by and leave them *en l'air*? And again, what a far cry from the "constituents of mysticism"!

This controversial zeal leads him into rash statements. "To the man of mystical temperament, . . . and to him only, is the message of the [Catholic] Church addressed." A tremendous limitation for a body Catholic! Or would Mr. Thorold persuade a consensus of theologians to endorse "the fact that it was the fall of Lucifer, rather than that of Adam, which for the first time introduced moral evil, with all its possible consequences, into the Creation"? This "fact" (a bold word!) sweeps away the traditional innocuousness of Eden; for Mr. Thorold means the physical Creation. *Mais enfin*, these constituents of mysticism? After this preparatory labour, there crawls forth (to my eyesight, at least) but one. Adopting Coventry Patmore's view, that the supreme justification of dogma is the psychological value of the truth it contains, he bases mysticism on the doctrine of the Creation. He shows (to state it briefly) that full acceptance of that doctrine implies the subjection of the whole man in his whole being to God. But this is the basis of all true Christian life, and only the basis of mysticism inasmuch as mysticism is the furthest and logical outcome, the ultimate flower, of true Christian life. It is not a specific basis. Nor does it help the reader to understand what mysticism specifically is. Yet beyond this and an historical introduction (which has its own elements of disproportion) there seems to me nothing to prepare the unaccustomed reader for the highly mystical writings of Angela da Foligno which follow—abruptly and without comment. He steps into them as from a bathing-machine—and I can fancy may gasp. Valuable for the acquainted student, they do not appear a good choice as an introduction to mysticism. They contain many "hard sayings," and the earlier portions have much of the physical character so repellent to the outsider. Even on the average Catholic some things will come with a douche of surprise.

I am sorry to say these things, for Mr. Thorold writes well, and there is method in his long approach. But he has a crocodile unwieldiness in revolving on his own axis.

Lack of proportion crowds out or attenuates the central matter—which is surely the nature of mysticism. If he does not actually leave the rails, he is yet too fond of loop-lines.

The mystic is not (as Mr. Thorold's use of the word would seem to countenance) a student of mysticism, any more than a scientist is one who studies books on science. Not yet is he a *devotee*, a devout practiser of religion. Mysticism is an interior ladder, at the summit of which is God. The mystic endeavours, by a rigid practical virtue, combined with prayer, meditation, and mortification of the senses, to arrive at a closer union with the Creator. Union with God is proposed as the state of the future life, and therefore the ultimate end of the Christian. But mysticism holds that some degree of such union is possible in this life. It is the belief of Plato no less than St. John of the Cross. There is an indwelling of the Divinity in every Christian. "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" But the gradual purification of body and soul, with the turning of the whole man towards God, permits the Deity to flow in with a greater closeness, until there is finally accomplished, if not the spousal union of the next life, at any rate a betrothal union, we may say.

These are only your espousals; yes,
More intimate and fruitfuller far
Than aptest mortal nuptials are.

Such, in brief, is the theory of mysticism. Its principles are many and not in a few words to be laid down. For it is no *terra incognita*; from the recorded experience of mystics the whole process has been mapped out elaborately. This *mystical theology*, as it is called, serves, however, mainly for the instruction of directors who have to deal with such persons. The mystic himself can pursue no beaten track, no guide-book path. The way to God is through Himself, and is conditioned by His Own nature. It is alike for no two men. And it is the study of its adaptation to the personality which is so psychologically interesting in the writings of individual mystics.

The process varies indefinitely with the individual concerned. "The mystic is the religious genius," says Mr. Thorold, and there is profound truth of analogy in the saying. But that mysticism has no necessary connexion with natural genius there could not be a better proof than his chosen instance, Angela da Foligno. Her psychological interest resides largely in the fact that she was the reverse of a "genius." In the unconscious betrayal and characteristic savour of her writings, she appears obviously to be by nature a very little woman, a woman of bounded and self-conditioned mind, with all that incapacity of vital conception outside the personal environment which Ruskin grieved over in her sex. Not for her a large and impersonal outlook. A young married woman, of irregular life previous to her entering upon the mystical way, she seems (if one may trust her own violent self-accusations) to have combined actual laxity with a show of religiosity. Among her latest and most serious sacrifices to the new way of life she mentions head-tires and the like beloved feminine adornments. At a yet later stage of her spiritual preparation, she makes the *naïf* confession that she ceased to laugh at Petruccio. Clearly a light damsel, to whom this unidentified Peterkin was dear matter of merriment—even more difficult to forego than head-tires. Her one quality beyond the common is a strenuous emotionality; and this was nowise conspicuous in an Italian woman belonging to a century of vehement passions. Of weak nature, she found conversion a slow and painful process; she was not "saved" in a moment, after the manner of the Salvation bench. She has no literary art, no special gift of expression: her account of her spiritual experiences is of a girlish *naïveté*. One would expect the character of her spiritual relations to be adapted to the limitations of her mind, since mysticism follows the natural order, which

is elevated into the supernatural without violent wrench. And it is even so: these relations have an intimate littleness nothing less than startling to the general reader, and arresting to the most experienced. A homely Bride of the Song of Songs (so to speak), one wishes, in listening to her, for the veil of poetry. This reason precludes us from quoting what is psychologically most interesting in its adjustment to the simple and personal feminine mind. No less interesting are the numerous suggested analogies between divine and natural love, and equally interdicted from quotation by consideration for the general reader. But psychology is baffled by another aspect of these writings. For this unlearned woman of small mind, whose earlier visions have all that literal and physical character which we should *a priori* expect, in her later visions, attains an altogether unexpected height of abstraction, and subtle philosophical conceptions which I have known to astonish at least one philosopher. The abrupt transition to these transcendental summits from the infantile simplicity of the writer's previously exhibited mental outlook, and the prattle of her narrative style, is a chief riddle of this extraordinary book. A riddle it will be to the ordinary reader, whether he admits or does not admit the supernatural element, and to many readers a profane riddle. To myself, with all its interest from the standpoints which I have indicated, it appears a book for which publicity, the indiscriminate publicity of the bookseller's window, was unmeant. I feel as if I had been eavesdropping at a convent confessional. I can hardly think it will make one convert to the value of mysticism. But I fear it may repel many.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Newspaper Stamps and Hindrances.

Taxes on Knowledge: the Story of their Origin and Repeal.
By Collet Dobson Collet. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE story of the hindrances which the stamp and other Acts placed on the freedom of the Press, and on the cheap dissemination of news, is a most interesting chapter in our social history. If it were written as it should be it would be full of excitement and interest: the narrative of a sort of steeplechase in which the Press would be seen taking the obstacles placed before it, here clearing a ditch and there a fence, until at last it arrived where it now is, with no masters and no censors but the public and the advertisers. But such a history yet remains to be written, for the present work is both dull and pretentious, and the reader will be a very youthful and enthusiastic admirer of the daily paper who will wade through all the small beer which trickles over so many pages in these two volumes.

But the statesmen who imposed the stamp duties and continued them were not actuated by any "nefarious" desire to stifle public knowledge. They may have deserved to be pelted with adjectives, but they seem chiefly to have been actuated by the desire to raise money for the revenue, a desire which is natural in the official, as is the opposite desire in the average man to evade or abolish any tax or duty which touches his pocket. Those who clung to the Stamp Acts were actuated by a desire to put money in the public treasury: those who wished to repeal the duties were impelled by a feeling that without them cheap newspapers might be made a very good thing. To talk of the taxes on newspapers as a "tax on knowledge" is merely another example of the advantage of a good cry which begs the question and tickles the ears of the unthinking. The taxes were really taxes on news, which is a very different thing, for news is not knowledge, and though we are all agreed that it was right and necessary to free the Press, yet it is just as well to call things by their real names.

The imposition of the taxes dates from the reign of

Queen Anne, when men's passions were still excited by the Civil War and the Revolution. In the process of settling down language was used by pamphleteers which could not be justified, and for the sake of peace it was as well to stop the inflammatory writers whose words might just possibly have thrown all England into the melting-pot again. Considering the state of the country a couple of centuries ago, the following passage is probably justified in its imputation of motives, and it gives a fine idea of Mr. Collet's style:

Was there no way by which, without the necessity of constant censure, private men might be prevented from using the Press to make their opinions public? The pamphleteers were not rich, but they were often persons of education, and not penniless. When only a few copies of their writings were wanted they could pay for them, but now that reading was become more common, and that great numbers of copies were printed, the cost had, to a great extent, to be paid by the readers. If these sheets could be taxed their distribution might become difficult, and when anyone attempted to evade the tax he could be punished, not as a libeller, but as a smuggler, and the character of what was printed would not come under discussion, as it generally would in a trial for libel. At the time we are recording, 1709, these considerations appear to have very much occupied the minds of the members of the House of Commons.

There is, no doubt, a great deal of truth in this exposition, but the measure is one example of how Bills come to be passed or taxes imposed for a specific, if unavowed, purpose, and then are retained, thanks to the force of official habit, after the reasons which prompted them have passed away. But for a long time the Newspaper Acts and the stamp tax was looked upon as a convenient method of stopping those seditious persons who even as late as the beginning of this century published observations "tending to excite hatred and contempt of the Government and Constitution of these realms as by law established," till gradually the people and the Government advanced in their education, and finally realised that a cheap Press, though lending itself to many abuses, was far more sensitive to the control of public opinion than to that of a tax collector at Somerset House. But what strikes one especially in all this long history of a struggle against taxation is the very small amount received by the Exchequer. In 1815, the year of the Battle of Waterloo, the revenue from newspaper stamps was only £383,695, and in 1835 it was only £553,197, having been at its height in 1831, at the time of the Reform Bill agitation, when it reached the sum of £586,635, a wretched enough sum to squabble over for so many years.

Lord Lyndhurst really gave the first blow to the newspaper taxes in 1834, and the end might have come more quickly had not the Corn Law agitation turned the minds of the great public into a more personal channel, for cheap bread seemed more desirable than cheap news, and so the latter got shelved. In 1851 the matter was taken up by more serious persons, such as members of Parliament and others, and the advertisement duty, which pressed hardly on papers, was abolished on August 4, 1853. The compulsory stamp on newspapers was abolished June 29, 1855, the paper duty was repealed October 1, 1861, and the Registration and Security Acts in 1869.

For thirty years, therefore, the Press has been absolutely free, and has had no restrictions placed upon it except those enforced by public opinion and the advertisers. How strong the pressure these can exercise he who will may see at any time. Public opinion is now a very real and salutary censor.

In the Close.

Sunningwell. By F. Warre Cornish. (Constable. 6s.)

THE gentle life, gently told, of a canon in the Midlands who lives in the Cathedral Close with his sister and niece until the niece marries, the sister dies, and the canon himself fades away loving and beloved, "a pattern set to show that it is possible to be a Churchman without being a dogmatist, a critic without being censorious, a Christian yet not over unworldly." It is the glory of the Church of England to have produced such men, and, although we fancy the type is rarer than it was, there are doubtless many Philip Mores—learned, kindly, and devout—leading the claustral life in some of the sleepy cathedral towns of which England still boasts. Whether it will long survive the multiplication of dioceses, the increased means of communication between town and town, and the general rush and rattle of modern life, remains to be seen; but when it dies out life will have lost much of its picturesqueness.

Mr. Cornish's picture of Philip More, "who looked in the first place a gentleman, in the second a clergyman, in the third a scholar, . . . but not a don," is charming. So are those of the gruff old organist and his pupil and successor, "who looks like a German"; of the three old maiden ladies who kept a girls' school of the old-fashioned kind, and were "at home" every Wednesday; and of More's old servant, devoted to his master, but disliking "dinner-parties, rather because they gave others pleasure than because they gave himself trouble." And all More's kindness does not prevent his conversation on most matters from being flavoured with a delicate irony that is as shrewd as it is good-natured.

"There is nothing more wonderful," he says, "than the fact that a woman has nothing to learn. What she knows about a person or a fact, especially a person, admits of no addition or diminution, no misgiving or doubt: that is thenceforth to be added to the facts of the case, as part of the dossier. Now that, I think, is not a common quality in men; and the men who have it are just those to whom women submit their judgment; in action, that is, not in opinion; for whatever a woman may do or allow to be done she always knows she was right all the time."

Or, again:

"The smaller the man, the bigger the priest. Keble and his friends, those who stayed with us, were clergymen before they were priests. The modern High Churchman, as soon as he is ordained, is tempted to think that he is not only set apart, as he ought to think, but set above the laity, as a lord over the heritage. They seem to think they have given to them at their ordination a ticket of admission to front places in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Or, again:

"The people we call our inferiors are not merely indifferent. They look upon us as on the whole on the right side of nothing; for instance, deans and canons, to John Byles's mind, are people who walk behind vergers, and the converse proposition does not interest him."

It is, perhaps, with a double meaning that Mr. Cornish alludes to More as "the humourist."

The more serious purpose of the book is no doubt shown in the catastrophe. Spurred on by the attempt of some of his brother clergy to procure his signature to a condemnation of *Essays and Reviews*, More preaches a sermon in the Minster, setting forth "the duty of studying new doctrine, and not condemning it merely because it was new." And then, finding that this does not satisfy the orthodox, he follows it up by another developing "the somewhat subtle and difficult thesis" that "the form which religion takes is continually changing, and so even the creeds must mean different things, to those who repeat the words now, from what they meant to those who framed them; the material form in which true doctrines were presented might easily pass into the region of legend." The more evangelical of the chapter

set the bishop at him, and the bishop suggests that he should resign his preferments. On his way home from the palace he gets a chill, which develops into a pleurisy, and he is never after the same man. Although he resigns his cure, he retains, with everybody's consent, his canonry, but does not touch the stipend. At length he dies, regretted as much by his opponents as by his friends, on a peaceful death-bed, which is one of the most touching things in the book.

Mr. Cornish, who, we forgot to say, is Vice-Provost of Eton, is no doubt right; and such things were possible in "the 'sixties and 'seventies," although, he thinks, "such sermons might be preached without offence now." Yet it is hard to see how the bishop could, at that time, have done other than he did. In his love for comprehension—and he repeatedly makes More say that the cathedrals should be open to Nonconformist ministers as well as to clergymen of the Church of England—Mr. Cornish, perhaps, takes too exclusively the clerical view of the matter, and overlooks the result that the expression of such views as his hero's are apt to have on the, it may be, uninstructed layman. Although he speaks of the *Essays and Reviews* period as one "when science and criticism were battering at the church doors, while the congregation inside thought more of how they could succeed in keeping them out than on what terms they could let them in," the same assault with the same result was delivered many times before *Essays and Reviews* was written, and is raging with great fierceness now. The rotundity of the earth, the plurality of worlds, the doctrine of evolution, have each in their turn marshalled their forces against the dogmas of the Christian Church, and Catholic, Anglican, and Dissenter have united first in defending and afterward in surrendering the position. Now has come the turn of that advanced or destructive criticism which says in effect that both the language and the evidence of the Bible may be freely altered or rejected according as it does or does not agree with profane sources; and already, as readers of the ACADEMY know well, there are many within the fort who are clamouring that this point, too, shall be conceded. Nor is there any sign that matters will stop here. The belief in miracles is challenged even in Mr. Cornish's book. The ecclesiastical mind has a way of its own in such matters, and we are far from saying that to it the subtle arguments—we will not call them casuistries or sophistries—by which More supports his theory of comprehension may not seem sufficient. But to the layman, accustomed to look upon facts from the objective side, the spectacle of a Church—including in this phrase again all Christian denominations—opposing while it can and accepting when it must the conclusions of a science which has always been distasteful to it, is likely to have a result very different from that which Mr. Cornish hopes and no doubt fancies.

This apart, Mr. Cornish has written a book in every way charming, and one which deserves to be read for its own sake, irrespective of the theological opinions of author or hero.

Edward FitzGerald's "Great Gun."

The Poems of George Crabbe. A Selection. Arranged and Edited by Bernard Holland. (Edward Arnold.)

MOST readers of the present day would confess that their knowledge of Crabbe was limited to the admirable parody in the *Rejected Addresses*. In truth, it is scarce a parody; every feature of Crabbe's style is exactly caught, while it is scarcely an exaggeration of Crabbe's own pedestrian moments. The jingles, burlesque though they appear, are no whit worse than Crabbe's own.

Wanton thoughts, I grant,
Were first my motive, now the thoughts of want
is a quite average example from the *Parish Register*.

Without saying that the *Rejected Addresses* gives an adequate idea of Crabbe, it may yet be questioned whether there is not some reason for the neglect of Crabbe. Has Crabbe, in fact, quite the stuff to live?

The only prominent attention which we remember being paid to Crabbe of late years came—curiously—from no less exacting a critic of poetry than the late Coventry Patmore. It is an unlooked-for conjunction; yet, since he put his essay on permanent record, it is worth referring to as showing what a modern champion has to say for Crabbe. The chief thing which strikes him, the thing to which he returns again and again, is Crabbe's pitiless microscopic perception. He compares it to an electric light, wherein the very sludge and dead dogs in a tidal river shine again. The perception is undeniable, and this defender of Crabbe admits, in effect, that it is exercised too indiscriminately for art, that we could spare a few of the dead dogs. This, of course, is the merit claimed for Crabbe since his first appearance: that he sees for himself, and paints what he sees, even to the extent of dwelling on ugliness and squalor.

Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

Of the sternness there is no possible doubt, but we demur to that "best." The description is careful, minute, accurate; but it is far too minute, far too accurate for poetry. There is no selection: one stanza of Tennyson would do the thing infinitely better with a tithe of the words. It is, in fact, excellent prose description; everything noted objectively in exact detail, nothing spared, nothing forgotten. Whereas a poet should forget everything but the few strokes which make for magic.

The following description of the Aldborough neighbourhood is a very good example:

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor:
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the laud, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil,
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
So looks the nymph, whom wretched arts adorn,
Betray'd by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

This is not only stern, but wilfully so. He sees everything with a grim eye. Aldborough, we are told, was excessively poor and squalid then; but the surrounding country must have been then, surely, much as it is now. The lovely Suffolk marshes, blooming with flowers and flower-like grasses, must have stood as they stand now. Then, as now, the flag-lilies must have turned them into glory in due season of the year. Yet from all Crabbe's works put together you would gain no conception that such a country surrounded his native village. His eye was jaundiced by the poverty amid which he was reared until it took natively to harsh objects. Whatsoever was arid in the country about him he noted grimly; but for its compensations he had no eye—or so it seems to us.

Yet Crabbe has power undeniably; he has truth and pathos and a manly style (which would have been better without Pope); and it is perhaps ungrateful to higggle whether his power should exactly be described as poetical. Nor will it do the present day any harm to read *The Borough* or the *Parish Register*, while it may do it considerable good.

Other New Books.

THE UNCHANGING EAST.

BY ROBERT BARR.

Mr. Barr's book is resolutely and implacably facetious. Not humorous, not comic, but facetious. One would give so much for a genuinely comic idea, for a spark of wit, for an oasis of fine writing or even a single felicitous descriptive epithet inspired by imagination; but no, we are denied everything but facetiousness. And what is so sad about it is that in this facetiousness there are no surprises, the expected always happens. To a large extent such was also the case with the *Innocents Abroad*, on which book apparently Mr. Barr (although, as he tells us, by birth a Scotsman) has modelled his style; but it has to be remembered that the *Innocents Abroad* was the first of its kind and came into being thirty and more years ago, and also that it was often really funny and always the work of a powerful and original mind. Now, in Mr. Barr's record of travel he has put no originality and no power; he has merely used to the utmost a convention that is old to the point of exhaustion.

Thus: when Mr. Barr wishes to stay in a place, he "lingers longer, like Lu." He has been informed that it is quite common for French ships to lose their reckoning and "find themselves in the position of the man in the song, who 'dunno where 'e are.'" "France," he says elsewhere, "has really resolved to acquire the leather medal for stupidity, and has become a troublesome neighbour; while as a colonist she is beneath contempt." A Tunisian Arab, "like the man who broke the bank, walks along the Bois de Boulogne with an air that is inimitable." Concerning an Eastern coin: "There is on the larger silver coins a cabalistic mark, which resembles an American spreadeagle having a fit. This hieroglyphic nightmare, they tell me, is Turkish, and means 'God save the Sultan.' I think I could amend the phrase by substituting another word for 'save.'" And so forth; everywhere this tawdry bank-holiday facetiousness, unfortunately not unmingled, as we have shown, now and then with something very much like bad manners.

In fairness to Mr. Barr, it ought to be said that these chapters were written for publication in a weekly paper, where such things are more in keeping; but that does not excuse the book. There is also a certain amount of information in these pages, and Mr. Barr's geniality is invincible; but we cannot consider its production as other than time ill spent. It is as well worth while to try and write well as to write like this. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE KENDALS.

BY T. EDGAR PEMBERTON.

Here is a book which—though, we dare say, it is having a certain amount of vogue at the libraries, and will find a place on the shelves of the "enthusiastic playgoer"—does not touch literature at any point. It professes to be "a biography," but is really a sort of *éloge* chronologically arranged. Its author speaks of his "close, constant, and valued friendship" with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal; and the volume is just such as a close, constant, valued friend would pen, if he had little faculty either for criticism or for style. Boiled down to the bare element of fact, this book might have excuse for existence as a pamphlet. As it stands, it is but a tedious tale of (as the author has it) unmitigated successes. A good deal of what Mr. T. E. Pemberton here says he has said already in his volumes on T. W. Robertson and Mr. John Hare. His chief fault, however, is his prolixity, his determination to write round a fact rather than state it simply and concisely. The strain of perpetual eulogium in which he writes is explicable from his own point of view, but particularly irritating to the fair-minded onlooker. It is no wonder that Mrs. Kendal begged to be omitted from the memorial; to be exposed to the sustained flow of Mr. Pemberton's published approval must be not

a little trying to any player with a sense of humour. For the rest, the work is illustrated by a number of excellent reproductions of photographs, representing Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in parts they made popular. And meanwhile, happily, those accomplished performers are still active in the pursuit of their profession, and, we may hope, will not be the legitimate subjects of genuine biography for many a year to come. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 16s.)

"STORY OF THE NATIONS."—MODERN ITALY.

BY PROF. PIETRO ORSI.

The story of the Italian struggle for independence has been told in many ways. We have had of late Mr. Stillman's thoughtful study of the forces which wrought *The Union of Italy* and della Rocca's dramatically personal memoirs. Prof. Orsi gives harmoniously the political movements and his characterisations of the individual actors—Mazzini, Garibaldi, and the state-building Cavour. He traces the working of the liberal spirit under the differing conditions of the various provinces in a manner to make clear the problems which confronted the statesmen and soldiers of Piedmont and the revolutionaries of the rest of Italy. Nor has he fallen into the enthusiast's error of unreasoning resentment; but shows that the antagonism of Austrian and Italian was due in part to the inevitable conflict of opposing ideals. Pleasantly he reveals Italy, as only an Italian can, through its different provinces, with their peculiarities of soil and spirit:

Thus Piedmontese life is moulded by Turin, the city of even and regular streets, which corresponds, as it were, with the character of its people. The delightful Ligurian coast, fringed with villages embosomed in olive groves, fitly harmonises with the life around Genoa the Magnificent, famous for her marble palaces and stirring maritime activities, which render her the first commercial port of Italy. The fertile Lombard region has its focus in busy, hard-working Milan, whose glorious cathedral overshadows a great part of Italian commercial enterprise. Venice, that magic city of the lagoons, continues to be one of the essentially artistic centres of the peninsula. Emilia and the Romagna provinces, from Parma to Ravenna—the former capital of the Ostrogoths, and the venerated burial-place of Dante—recognise as their chief city time-worn Bologna, the oldest university town in Italy. Florence, with her placid traditions, her glorious "humanities," reflects, in the "even tenor" of her existence, as well as in her outward surroundings, the whole of Tuscan life and temperament.

In conclusion, Prof. Orsi shows us Italy of the present in which "the prose of possession succeeds the poetry of desire," yet which in her network of inartistic railways and telegraph lines is linking herself with the ancient Romans, the road-makers of the world. The author's national sympathies may account for a certain idealisation of the mediæval communes and princedoms. Stranger it is to find a professor at Venice committing himself to the statement that the house of Farnese "never specially distinguished itself." The master mind of Alexander Farnese found its chief work in the revolted Netherlands, yet he shared with Venetians the honours of Lepanto.

We may congratulate Prof. Orsi on a translator whose English version is English, unmarred by Italian idiom, though her rendering of the patriotic songs must be confessed inadequate. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

THE MORALS OF SUICIDE. BY THE REV. J. GURNHILL, B.A.

It is impossible not to feel respect for this book. The author avows himself a Christian Socialist, and approaches suicide as "a symptom of the sin and misery which is seething beneath the surface of society in all its classes." He has carefully analysed the statistics of suicide taken from Morselli's well-known book, and has further attempted to classify the causes of suicide as disclosed in one hundred cases taken, "just as they came," from newspaper reports. Unfortunately, the basis of observation is an unsafe one

for reasonable inference. Obviously, the real "cause" of a suicide does not, in perhaps the majority of cases, get into the newspapers. It is generally everybody's interest to keep it out. Again, Mr. Gurnhill himself gives the probable annual number of suicides effected or attempted in England as about four thousand; and of these, one hundred is too few to calculate from. Nor do we think that you can, as Mr. Gurnhill attempts to do, assign one "cause"—"physical, mental, moral, or social"—to each case of suicide. As a rule, there are factors at work coming under all, or more than one, of his heads. For the cure of suicide Mr. Gurnhill looks to "Christian Therapeutics"; and here he leaves sociology for a sphere of theology into which we cannot follow him. (Longmans.)

CARLO CRIVELLI.

BY G. MCNEIL RUSHFORTH, M.A.

With the exception of Mr. Stevenson's *Velasquez*, Mr. Rushforth's *Crivelli* is, perhaps, the most interesting volume that has yet appeared in the "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" series. There is nothing added to the scanty notices already published of Crivelli's life, for there does not seem to be any material from which to add it. An obscure and solitary life in the March of Ancona leaves but few records. But the analysis of Crivelli's personality, of the growth of his art, of the strains of tradition and influence which meet in it, is excellent. And Crivelli's work is so isolated, clear-cut, and individual that such treatment tends to more solid and definite results than is always the case when it is applied to painters more many-sided and more in the movement. The one thing that Mr. Rushforth does not seem to us quite to bring out is the extent and quality of Crivelli's symbolism. He lays just stress on the union in the painter of "much that was archaic and conventional" with "a real appreciation of nature and searching after realism." He mentions the festoons of fruit and vessels of flowers that adorn Crivelli's Madonnas, the cracked and fractured marble surfaces, the leafless trees placed in the backgrounds, but he does not wholly explain their introduction. The realistic delight in the study of nature for its own sake, no doubt, in part; but everyone of these details subserves symbolism. Nothing is more familiar in northern Italy than the mulberry tree stripped of its leaves. Crivelli observes it, but surely it typifies for him the state of the world lacking redemption. So, too, the cracked surface of the balustrades on which the Child and his Mother lean, while the fruit and flowers are certainly exquisite decoration, but certainly also the fruit and flowers of grace. And the beautifully-drawn fly in Lord Northbrook's picture, at which the Child looks with such horror, while he holds a fluttering bird to his bosom—is not that Beelzebub, the prince of flies? While the birds, here and elsewhere, pecking at the fruit or perched on the leafless trees, are but the emblems of human souls. The symbolism would not be difficult to a painter working in so Franciscan a country as the March of Ancona. Mr. Rushforth's careful catalogue of Crivelli's works makes a valuable appendix, while his illustrations are the more interesting since some of them are from photographs taken in out-of-the-way spots by Mr. Houghton for the purposes of this volume. As usual, the larger pictures, the National Gallery "Annunciation" for instance, do not reproduce well upon the scale adopted. (Bell. 5s. net.)

SOLDIER SONGS.

EDITED BY J. E. CARPENTER.

A little khaki-bound collection of some of the best ditties about fighting and fighting-men. It begins with "A Knapsack and a Cheerful Heart," and ends with "God Save the Queen." Wherever a musical setting is known, the publisher of the music, or the air to which the song may be sung, is given. Among recent numbers are "Soldiers of the Queen," "Tommy, Tommy Atkins," and Mr. Conan Doyle's "Who Carries the Gun." Mr. Kipling is not represented at all, an omission due probably to the iron laws of copyright. (Warne.)

Fiction.

The Waters of Edera. By Ouida.
(T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THIS book belongs to the later Italian series of Ouida's novels. It is now close upon forty years since her first work, *Held in Bondage*, was issued; nevertheless, the imaginative force of her last gives no sign of decadence. The story is, indeed, powerful, and one can conceive that it was "thrown off" with masterful ease, as Victor Hugo might have thrown it off—writing in bold scratching strokes at a plain wooden desk: such is one's impression.

Ouida takes an Italian valley, and shows, in depicting the life of the peasants therein, that their very existence depended on the river Edera which watered it. Then she moves forward a "foreign syndicate," who, for their own sinister commercial ends, wished to divert the stream. There was a fierce struggle between the country party and the town party; but, of course, the squadrons of commerce gained the victory. The river was diverted, the valley ruined, and the syndicate lapped in gold; incidentally, there were a number of murders and two suicides, those of the hero and his mother. Adone—proprietor of the valley—is one of Ouida's "beautiful" heroes, and she has given him a heroine to match. Some of the pictures of the latter are charming:

She was only a child, and her spirits rose, and she capered about in the shallows, and flung the water over her head, and danced to her own reflection in it, and forgot her sorrow. Then she washed her petticoats as well as she could, having nothing but water alone, and all the while she was as naked as a Naiad, and the sun smiled on her brown, thin, childish body, as it smiled on a stem of plaitain or on the plumage of a coot.

Then when she had washed her skirt she spread it out on the sand to dry, and sat down beside it, for the heat to bake her limbs after her long bath. There was no one, and there was nothing in sight; if any came near she could hide under the great dock leaves until such should have passed. It was high noon, and the skirt of wool and the skirt of hemp grew hot, and steamed under the vertical rays; she was soon as dry as the shingles from which the water had receded for months. She sat with her hands clasped round her updrawn knees, and her head grew heavy with the want of slumber, but she would not sleep, though it was the hour of sleep. Some one might pass by and steal her clothes, she thought, and how or when would she ever get others.

The whole book is full of the appreciation of free, natural beauty, and the passionate hate of cruelty and oppression. It is unconventional in a large, rather fine manner. Full of lofty scorn and noble dignity, it is yet rather pathetic in its ignorances and its prejudices. For Ouida a thing is still either wholly good or wholly bad: there is nothing between. Her emotions have an almost tragic splendour, but her thinking is crude. Artistically the novel has one chief defect: it is not woven with sufficient closeness; its meshes are too big to hold fast the reader. Otherwise it is admirable, despite the somewhat crowded disasters at the end.

A Man of his Age. By Hamilton Drummond.
(Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd. 6s.)

As a successor to *For the Religion*, this record of Navarraise intrigue, amid the counter-influences of Jeanne d'Albret and her "cousin of Medici," is a disappointment. Mr. Drummond has matter to relate, and there are leaves in his book which possess something like a romantic atmosphere; but, upon the whole, the tale is cloudy, obscure. The reader feels the need of a guide amid this thick tangle of allusiveness. Halfway through, he is like a traveller who, having journeyed far in the dark, desires violently to

know where he is. We are inclined to attribute part of the misfortune to Mr. Drummond's mere apparatus of narration. Our old friend Blaise de Bernauld tells the story in the first person; but already in the second chapter Blaise is quoting at length from one Henri de Crussenay, and in the next chapter Henri de Crussenay is quoting at length from his servant Roger, and Roger is quoting other persons. We thus have a tale within a tale within a tale, and the system of inverted commas becomes too complex for Mr. Drummond's management. This may be a trifle, but it creates a fatal discomfort. The novel should certainly have been written in the third person.

Some of the incidents are exciting, and some improbable—especially that on p. 161, though we assume that Mr. Drummond has authority for it. The plot as a whole is too deliberately "concocted" and prepared in its minor arrangements. Here is an example:

The dusk was gathering in fast as I made my way to the Castle with Roger hard after me, three paces away. To suit the occasion, and match the dress that custom and necessity put upon me, I had changed my weapon for a light Spanish blade, good steel enough, but more a kind of a finish to a man's dress than a sword for hard use. Roger, too, carried a blade but little stouter than my own, and I remember well that the swing of it in his hand as he buckled it on puckered his face into a grim derision.

"My faith," said he, shaking it as a man would a cane, "'tis a good thing we go but to make a show of ourselves, for if it came to the keeping of my life whole within me, I had liefer trust the mercies of a three-foot cudgel."

Need we say that in the shortest possible space of time the lives of Roger and his master are made to depend on precisely those swords. The character of Blaise is convincing, but some of the others are feebly drawn; Suzanne's distinguishing marks have been a commonplace of historical fiction for many years.

The Wallet of Kai-Lung. By Ernest Bramah.
(Richards. 6s.)

MR. BRAMAH is a humorist; and we have to thank him for several hours of what, in the elegant language which passes between the characters in this book, would be described as refined and dignified amusement. China has before now been a happy hunting ground for whimsical-minded satirists—witness Mr. Gilbert's "Mikado" (which, though nominally Japanese, is Chinese enough for our purpose) and "The Potion of Lao Tse" in Dr. Garnett's *Twilight of the Gods*; but we do not remember any work in which so much good comic use has been made of the Celestial's impassivity, opportunism, and floridity of diction.

Whether Mr. Bramah has invented all these tales, or whether they are adaptations, we do not know. Sometimes they are so absolutely Chinese as to suggest that he has merely given them an English form, and at other times, as in the literary satire entitled "The Confession of Kai Lung," the Chinese setting is merely a vehicle; but if Mr. Bramah has invented all along the line his work is a very remarkable *tour de force*. What he lacks is dramatic finish. Several of the stories have rather lame conclusions, particularly "The Vision of Yin," but they are so persistently and freshly amusing that this is easily forgiven. Altogether "The Transmutation of Ling" is the best—the gravely absurd history of a young Chinaman, whose body is turned to gold by a magic potion, and who thereupon sells himself to a company: an act which leads to a series of exceedingly polished adventures for the removal of gravity—to fall once more into Kai Lung's narrative method.

For the purposes of quotation we have made a selection from the proverbs, nominally taken from Chinese classic authors, which Mr. Bramah has scattered about his pages:

He is a wise and enlightened suppliant who seeks to discover an honourable Mandarin, but he is a fool who cries out "I have found one."

It is a mark of insincerity of purpose to spend one's time in looking for the sacred Emperor in the low-class tea-shops.

Although there exist many thousand subjects for elegant conversation, there are persons who cannot meet a cripple without talking about feet.

Money is hundred-footed. Upon perceiving a tael lying apparently unobserved on the floor, do not lose the time necessary in stooping, but quickly set your foot upon it, for one fails nothing in dignity thereby; but should it be a gold piece, distrust all things, and valuing dignity but as an empty name, cast your entire body upon it.

Should a person on returning from the city discover his house to be in flames, let him examine well the change which he has received from the chair-carrier before it is too late; for evil never travels alone.

The road to eminence lies through the cheap and exceedingly uninviting eating-houses.

One word more: *The Wallet of Kai-Lung* has to be read very vigilantly, for Mr. Bramah is one of those who drop good things without ostentation.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE COLLAPSE OF THE PENITENT. By F. WEDMORE.

Mr. Wedmore for the most part writes brief stories with almost unparalleled care. Here he gives us something longer, his aim being to depict the emotions which are experienced by a prodigal when the period of his welcome terminates, and the rôle of penitent becomes a little tiresome. The prodigal in question is Mrs. Vasey, *née* Rose Damarel, the pianist. (Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.)

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA. By E. F. BENSON.

Mr. Benson's Princess is the bright particular star of the court of Rhodopé, "an independent principality on the wooded coast-line of Albania." Gambling mingles with affairs of State, and Sophia herself has "the luck of the devil." She introduces an era of gambling into her little kingdom, and one of her maxims is this: "I like people to be good, when being good comes natural to them; but the continual effort to do one's duty is paralysing to other energies." A gay and readable story. (Heinemann. 6s.)

SMITH BRUNT. By WALDRON K. POST.

A story of the old U.S. Navy, opening in 1806. We follow Smith Brunt all over the world. The writer makes a point of the fact that Smith Brunt enjoyed none of the newspaper popularity of later heroes. "But, 'y Guy, I dunno,—yes, b' Guy, I do know, he was somethin' that's just as good as any hero, and a darn sight better than some—he was a straight-out officer of the United States Navy." (Putnam's Sons.)

IN THE WAKE OF THE WAR. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

Mr. St. John Adcock, whose tales of London street life have already made him a reputation, has taken some of the minor phases of the present struggle as his subject material. Not the fighting itself, not indeed South Africa at all, but the family about to lose a son, the reserve man preparing to depart, the decision to enlist—of these he writes, and each makes a story. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.)

ANIMA VILIS. By MARYA RODZICWICZ.

As may be conjectured, the author of this novel is a Pole. She is also rich and free and independent, never yet having met her ideal. So Count de Soissons, who translates the book from the Polish, informs the reader. The story is of Poles in Siberia, and it throws a strong light on both the race and the country. (Jarrold. 6s.)

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The Rise of Huxley

I dined with a whole lot of literary and scientific people. . . . Owen was, in my estimation, great, from the fact of his smoking his cigar and singing his song like a brick.

THESE sentences occur in a letter from Huxley to his eldest sister, Mrs. Scott, written in 1850. The letter is given in a chapter from Mr. Leonard Huxley's life of his father, which, by enterprise and good luck, the editor of *McClure's Magazine* is able to lay this month before his readers. This chapter, heralding a biography on which great hopes are set, tells of Huxley's early struggle to win a livelihood by scientific work. A more moving and inspiring story of its kind could hardly be imagined; and though it covers only five years, years of hard-breathing effort rather than fulfilment, the long career of Thomas Henry Huxley is lit up and embellished by the revelations afforded of the young surgeon's aims, both as the world viewed them and as he weighed them in his own wise, self-loyal heart. On such data one boldly forms final judgments of Huxley, assured that they will not be disturbed by the completed record of which this chapter is but a small part. It is already shown that Huxley set out, or rather was temperamentally destined, to live the full life of a man. Unlike Browning's grammarian, who decided not to Live but to Know, Huxley made it his business to know and live—accepting the harder task of reconciling the two ambitions.

It is now fifty years since Huxley returned to England after a spell of work as assistant surgeon on the exploring frigate H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* in Australian waters. In Sydney he had become engaged to Miss Nettie Heathorn, and when he set foot on shore at Chatham his consuming wish was to give that young lady a home of her own. The letters printed in *McClure's Magazine* show what pains of frustration the young lover had to undergo. In the letter to his sister in Tennessee, already mentioned, Huxley writes under the date November 21, 1850 (he is at the age of twenty-five):

Now, as to my own affairs—I am not married. Prudently, at any rate, but whether wisely or foolishly I am not quite sure yet, Nettie and I resolved to have nothing to do with matrimony for the present. In truth, though our marriage was my great wish on many accounts, yet I feared to bring upon her the consequences that might have occurred had anything happened to me within the next few years. We had a sad parting enough, and as is usually the case with me, time, instead of alleviating, renders more disagreeable our separation. I have a woman's element in me. I hate the incessant struggle and toil to cut one another's throat among us men, and I long to be able to meet with someone in whom I can place implicit confidence, whose judgment I can respect, and yet who will not laugh at my most foolish weaknesses and in whose love I can forget all care. All these conditions I have fulfilled in Nettie. With a strong natural intelligence, and knowledge enough to understand and sympathise with my aims, with the firmness of a man, when necessary, she combines the gentleness of a very woman and the honest simplicity of a child, and then she loves me well, as well as I love her, and you know I love but few—in the real meaning of the word, perhaps, but two—she and you. And now she is away, and you are

away. The worst of it is I have no ambition, except as means to an end, and that end is the possession of a sufficient income to marry upon. I assure you I would not give two straws for all the honours and titles in the world. A worker I must always be—it is my nature—but if I had £400 a year I would never let my name appear to anything I did or shall ever do. It would be glorious to be a voice working in secret and free from all those personal motives that have actuated the best.

Towards the end of the letter he grips his pen a little harder:

I don't know and I don't care whether I shall ever be what is called a great man. I will leave my mark somewhere, and it shall be clear and distinct [T. H. H., his mark,] and free from the abominable blur of cant, humbug, and self-seeking which surrounds everything in this present world—that is to say, supposing that I am not already unconsciously tainted myself, a result of which I have a morbid dread.

One piece of luck he had; he was given a shore appointment to H.M.S. *Triguard* at Woolwich. It enabled him to live in London, and reap the fruits of his *Rattlesnake* memoirs, which he had sent to England and which had received instant recognition. At a bound, indeed, Huxley had placed himself in the front rank of naturalists; but this was a different thing from being able to marry Nettie. To that loyal young lady he wrote again and again, as his fortunes swayed back and forward, yet on the whole forward. He had unbearable spells of depression between his successes. In March, 1851, he writes: "To attempt to live by any scientific pursuit is a farce. Nothing but what is absolutely practical will go down in England." Continuing to bring out his biological papers, he suddenly received a great encouragement. The Royal Society wanted fresh blood, wanted to replace its *dilettanti* by workers. It was resolved to elect fifteen men who were likely to do the Society honour; and of thirty-eight candidates, Huxley was one of the chosen. On this he writes: "I was talking to Professor Owen yesterday, and said that I imagined I had to thank him in great measure for the honour of the F.R.S. 'No,' he said, 'you have nothing to thank but the goodness of your own work.'" Yet in the letter to Nettie, in which he tells her of his election, the young F.R.S. indulges in more pessimism:

Opportunities for seeing the scientific world in England force upon me every day a stronger and stronger conviction. It is that there is no chance of living by science. I have been loth to believe it, but it is so. There are not more than four or five offices in London which a zoologist or comparative anatomist can hold and live by. Owen, who has a European reputation, second only to that of Cuvier, gets as Hunterian Professor £300 a year! which is less than the salary of many a bank clerk. . . . In literature a man may write for magazines and reviews, and so support himself; but not so in science. I could get anything I write into any of the journals or any of the Transactions, but I know no means of thereby earning five shillings. A man who chooses a life of science chooses not a life of poverty, but, so far as I can see, a life of nothing, and the art of living upon nothing at all has yet to be discovered. You will naturally think, then, "Why persevere in so hopeless a course?" At present I cannot help myself. For my own credit, for the sake of gratifying those who have hitherto helped me on—nay, for the sake of truth and science itself, I must work out fairly and fully complete what I have begun, and when that is done, I will courageously and cheerfully turn my back upon all my old aspirations. The world is wide, and there is everywhere room for honesty of purpose and earnest endeavour. . . . So far as the acknowledgment of the value of what I have done is concerned, I have succeeded beyond my expectations, and if I have failed on the other side of the question, I cannot blame myself. It is the world's fault and not mine.

The world did not mend its ways for long after that, and Huxley was well-nigh maddened by poverty and hope deferred; few things being harder to bear than frustration

in honourable love when a single turn of the wheel of Fortune might confer paradise. Huxley found himself treated with extraordinary respect by the foremost scientific men of the day; his work was quoted as having full authority; and following his election to the Royal Society in 1851, he won that Society's Gold Medal, and was elected to the Society's Council. But what was all this without Nettie?

It was sore waiting, and distraught planning. A professorship of Toronto lured him, but he was pressed to stay in England. Others saw as plainly as himself his high call, and, more plainly than himself, his ultimate success. And while he wore out his heart, Nettie was so distant that his hotly-written letters took four to six months to reach her, and her advice had lost all applicability when it came to his hand. He even thought of throwing up England and going out to Sydney to practise as a surgeon; but his "demon" forbade. He wished he understood brewing; he could then join Nettie's father in business. But to all such proposals that young lady returned a decisive "No." "A man," she said, "must pursue those things which he is fitted to do well." The lover breathed a deep sigh of relief: "The spectre of a wasted life has passed before me—a vision of that servant who hid his talent in a napkin and buried it."

A wave of hope imbathes his spirit. Writing in July, 1853, he says:

My course in life is taken. I will not leave London—I will make myself a name and a position as well as an income by some kind of pursuit connected with science, which is the thing for which nature has fitted me if she has ever fitted any one for anything. Bethink yourself whether you can cast aside all repining and all doubt, and devote yourself in patience and trust to helping me along my path as no one else could. I know what I ask, and the sacrifice I demand, and if this were the time to use false modesty, I should say how little I have to offer in return. . . .

I am full of faults, but I am real and true, and the whole devotion of an earnest soul cannot be overprized. . . . It is as if all that old life at Holmwood had merely been a preparation for the real life of our love—as if we were then children ignorant of life's real purpose—as if these last months had merely been my old doubts over again, whether I had rightly or wrongly interpreted the manner and the words that had given me hope.

We will begin the new love of woman and man, no longer that of boy and girl, conscious that we have aims and purposes as well as affections, and that if love is sweet, life is dreadfully stern and earnest.

Stern and earnest it remained, for, when at last the Fates wearied of trying his spirit, they yet doled out their gifts with austerity. Still, it was the end of a long agony when he got work that enabled him to snap his fingers at the Admiralty, and when Churchill the publisher commissioned a *Manual of Comparative Anatomy*, and the *Westminster Review* began to pay him for articles. The prospect of being Fullerian lecturer at the Royal Institution was held out to him, and, better still, Edward Forbes's post at the Museum of Practical Geology, worth £200 a year, was given to him. He could make another £250 a year by his pen alone. He could marry. The course of events was now punctual and apposite as at the end of a novelette. For when he took his seat in the Geological Museum "it happened that Miss Heathorn and her parents had just settled to return to England, where they arrived in May, 1855, and the wedding took place on July 21."

From these glimpses it will be seen that Mr. Leonard Huxley's life of his father is a book to anticipate with peculiar pleasure. Even the greatest scientists are rapidly superseded; they did but forge links in a chain to which there is no end. Hence the biography of a student of Nature requires for its interest a deal of humanity; life as well as work; and it should show a man who could emerge from his laboratory to "smoke his cigar and sing his song like a brick." It should depict a Huxley.

Things Seen.

The Flower.

THEY were two geologists.

The elder man had a gruff and imperious voice. The grey eyes wore only that cold glitter that debate is wont to kindle in the eyes of the learned. He was, too, a Materialist.

Suddenly, his younger companion interrupted the flow of broken talk.

"Ah," he exclaimed with an eager gesture, "there is a —."

I have forgotten the name, but he was pointing to a blue flower that poised its tiny bell on a slender stem at the other side of the stream. The elder scientist looked, and the eyes grew warmer and less keen, and the furrows grew less deep and long, as he looked. It was a rare flower and a pretty one.

"I am in luck," said the younger, preparing to leap across the stream; "that will be an addition to my collection."

"I think not," slowly answered his companion.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said the elder gravely, "that no man plucks flowers and shortens their all too brief life when I can prevent it."

Soon the debate waxed warmer than ever. The sentimentality of the Materialist was absurd; perhaps no man would pass that way again until the grace of the flower had fallen into corruption. Yet some strong force in the old man's heart made him wholly inflexible. At length the younger man made an angry move towards the stream. His companion quickly leaped across before him, took his geological hammer from his wallet, and sat down sternly beside his unconscious charge.

And there the Materialist sat through the afternoon—for his companion was stubborn too. The elder man was the last to run for the train. And the flower lived on.

The Schooner.

BEHIND me the town stretched lank and grey and weather-beaten. Row on row of shuttered windows and drawn blinds suggested irresistibly the deserted theatre. But the stage itself was full of light and movement, and I, lying lonely among the sandhills, was the only spectator.

Over my head a lark fluttered in the sunshine, now and then a red golfing jacket would pop up like a rabbit; but I had eyes only for the sea. After long months of confinement in the measured bounds of city streets my eyes revelled in the sense of colour and distance. Brick and stucco preserve a dull uniformity of tone, but here all was a maze of shimmering colours. There were yellows and greens in the shallows, further out violet, and then a thousand varying tones of purple up to the dark semi-circle of the horizon.

So, though the wind whistled shrilly in the grasses, I lounged and smoked, and was happy. That morning, as the train rattled through the green country, thrushes were singing in sheltered inland gardens, and the air was heavy with the smell of new-turned earth.

Here, too, spring was calling, but with a deeper, stronger note. Then suddenly through a gap in the line of houses there was a flutter of bellying canvas, and a little schooner came tacking out of the mouth of the harbour. She was dirty and unpainted; her decks were choked with litter; but she met the long roll of the waves with a jaunty swagger, and was transformed by the sea and the sunlight. As she steered slowly out, I saw a fellow in the stern wave his cap defiantly to the grim, unresponsive line of houses, that had seen so many boats sail out. It thrilled me.

"Disappearing Authors."

Doubts about "Dainty Editions."

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's list of "disappearing authors" has excited much surprise. It included Jane Austen, whose new editions are legion; Trollope, who, it is credibly stated, is "in" for a revival; Charles Lever, of whose works one firm alone (Messrs. Downey) have sold £9,000 worth in the last few years; and Charles Reade. We ourselves disputed the "disappearing" of Jane Austen, and a correspondent quickly confirmed our view by informing us that the Kilburn Free Library issues each of her novels to twenty-one readers per annum. We have since made a few inquiries, which throw some interesting and varied sidelights on the subject. First we will give the testimony of the librarians of two of the largest free libraries in the country, those of Nottingham and West Ham.

Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, City Librarian of Nottingham, writes:

Jane Austen is an unknown name to the present generation of our readers.

Trollope's works are rarely asked for.

The three Charles' are waning in popularity. Kingsley is known through his *Westward Ho!* and *Hereward the Wake* only. Reade is in slight request, and Lever is not so popular as he was even five years ago.

We are now overstocked with the novels of the five mentioned authors.

Mr. Briscoe can hardly be mistaken about the status of Jane Austen in Nottingham. We are astonished by his report of her case.

Mr. Alfred Cotgreave, Chief Librarian at West Ham, partly confirms Mr. Briscoe. He brackets Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope as authors who are "certainly not so much read now"; and Trollope, we know, is read very little, lacking the new and dainty editions which have been showered—vainly?—on Jane. The other authors—Lever, Kingsley, and Reade—"still maintain their popularity to a great extent at West Ham." Here is a table of issues for one year at West Ham:

Charles Lever's Novels	260
Charles Reade's Novels	245
Charles Kingsley's Novels...	218
Anthony Trollope	126
Jane Austen...	109

Again we are astonished, and, indeed, we are resolved—if we can do it with strict adherence to truth—to bring kindlier witnesses to Miss Austen's popularity. We will consult the booksellers. A large City firm reports that Kingsley's novels and Lever's *military* novels sell well, but not Trollope or Reade. And then:

Whether Jane Austen be read or not it is impossible to say; this we know, that there have in quite recent years been five different editions published, all of which met with a ready and extensive sale.

A Manchester bookseller confirms the wide sale of Jane Austen; and from Oxford—where Trollope, Lever, and Reade are reported to be in a bad way—comes the same persistent distinction in Jane Austen's case:

As to Jane Austen buying is not, of course, synonymous with reading, and a mere bookseller can speak only of his sales; but, judging by the constant demand for her works here in Oxford, it may be assumed that many "attempts" to read her are made, and I venture to hope we may safely go further and say that she is both read and enjoyed to a considerable extent.

The only comfort we pluck from these hesitating reports of Jane, is that they throw a doubt, which we have long shared, but dared not breathe, on the "dainty edition." We have a suspicion that the dainty edition is frequently no more than a dainty sepulchre.

Hope dawns for Miss Austen when we open our reports from Bristol and Eastbourne.

Bristol says: "Mr. McCarthy never made a worse statement of fact than when he wrote, that the modern reader 'has never troubled himself even with an attempt to read Jane Austen's novels.'"

Eastbourne says: "Mr. McCarthy is altogether wrong about Jane Austen's novels. The modern reader *does* read her works. Ten years ago I would not think of having one of her books in stock, now I have them in two or three editions, and find a slow but increasing sale."

Brighton says that Trollope, Reade, and Lever are not only disappearing but have disappeared. But Kingsley holds his own, and "as to Jane Austen, however much her works have been neglected for years past, there has been a greatly revived interest in them, and they have been widely read and still are."

It seems, then, that Jane Austen sells in the bookshops, but is not borrowed in the libraries. This might simply mean that she is so popular that readers insist on possessing her for themselves; but this would be a too optimistic interpretation of the facts.

It is clear that Kingsley and Lever still hold their own pretty well. Yet in Lever's case we are told, from two quarters, that his sales are retarded by the lack of a good cheap edition of his works.

Reade is in a bad way, yet an Oxford-street bookseller prefers him before Kingsley and Trollope; and Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth* is "in continuous demand" in Manchester, where, also, his other books are "worth keeping always in stock." Trollope is nearly extinct in Manchester. Both Trollope and Lever are neglected at Eastbourne: "I have not been asked for a work of theirs for some years, and I have lately cleared them out of my library as lumber; and I am sorry to say that Charles Reade is disappearing." At Bristol Trollope and Reade are "moribund."

These reports cannot be said to contradict in any marked way Mr. Justin McCarthy's estimates of the present popularity of writers like Jane Austen, Lever, Reade, Trollope, and Kingsley; and they show that the most championed and new-editioned author of them all—Jane Austen—is by no means so safely throned as some of us had thought.

Puritan Drama.

THE Elizabethan Stage Society's performance of "Samson Agonistes," in the Lecture Theatre at South Kensington, last Saturday, was an interesting experiment, but it was hardly more. If, as one gathers from Milton's preface, the play was intended more or less as a protest against the Romanticism of the Elizabethans, it certainly justifies the Elizabethans. But "Samson" was never written to be acted, and it is therefore hardly fair to judge it as a stage play. It is a magnificent poem, but it is not a great drama. Even judged by the severe standard of a Greek tragedy it is sadly deficient in incident and action. There is no development of character. The whole thing is statuesque to the verge of woodenness. In a sense "Samson Agonistes" is a faithful copy of Attic tragedy, but it is Attic tragedy seen through Puritan glasses, dour and hard and doctrinaire. And Milton has not always endeavoured to imitate the Greek tragedians at their best. The long opening soliloquy of more than a hundred lines, in which the hero expounds his past fortunes to the audience, was not considered the most skilful way of unfolding a plot even in the age of Pericles. Samson's angry argument with Dalila and his dialectical discussion with Manoah recall Euripides in his most forensic vein, that vein which roused the wrath of Aristophanes, while the choruses are sometimes modelled too faithfully on the most didactic moments of Greek choruses, and often lack beauty.

The splendour of the play lies in its lofty feeling, its resonant verse, and in the finely-conceived character of the hero. But more than this is required to make a play interesting on the stage, and Milton gives us no more. It is possible that if "Samson" were given in the true Greek fashion—in a theatre on a hillside overlooking the sea, with the blue waves dancing in the sunshine and the blue sky overhead—it would be easier to bear. It is possible that much of Euripides, and even of Sophocles, would have sounded rather dull in a South Kensington lecture theatre at once draughty and stuffy. But we doubt whether even in the theatre of Dionysus at Athens, or on a Sicilian hillside, Milton's tragedy would have been successful. There is a Puritan rigidity about it, and an absence of the human elements of love and passion which would always leave an audience cold. It may be urged that something of the same criticism might be made of the "Prometheus Vincens." But the chained Titan's invectives against Omnipotence are necessarily more stirring, more dramatic, than Samson's carefully-reasoned submission to the Divine will, and the choruses of Milton are not the choruses of Æschylus. It was perhaps a little unkind of Mr. Poel to emphasise this fact by the music to which those choruses were set. It may have been a compliment to Milton's stern Puritan views to make his Danites intone their comments as if they were verses of the Psalms, but the setting only emphasised the rather dreary austerity of the poet's lines. Nor were matters improved when, in moments of grotesque excitement, the Danites (most of whom were ladies) all spoke at once in a curious staccato sing-song.

But it would be ungrateful to reproach the Society for the short-comings of Saturday's performance. The problem of "staging" a Greek chorus in these days has never been successfully solved, and we admire Mr. Poel's courage in attempting to act "Samson Agonistes" too much to criticise the result harshly. When all is said, one does not go to "Samson" for drama. The interest of the play is mainly autobiographical. As one sees the hero blind among his enemies, bewailing his folly in having trusted his two Philistian wives, one sees Milton, blind also, and living among a generation whose ideals were other than his, bewailing his unfortunate marriages, and longing for strength to pull down their Dagon's temple upon the heads of the good folk of the Restoration. The acting was undistinguished, but it would have needed superb elocutionary power and great intellectual gifts to give Milton's long rhetorical speeches with effect, and the argumentative passages would probably have been intolerable under any circumstances. It was therefore no disgrace for the actors to fail in so hard a field.

Correspondence.

Maeterlinck and the "Contemporary Review."

SIR,—Mr. Ropes's letter seems to call for a few words in reply. He now tells us that his article was not intended as a complete study of Maeterlinck's work, but merely as a discussion of his "artistic methods." It is a pity that these limitations were not more clearly defined at first. When he says (*Contemporary Review*, page 423): "The function of criticism is not so much to condemn or praise, as to understand and explain. If Maeterlinck is the greatest genius of the age, let us see in what his greatness resides; if he is a mere babbling idiot, let us at least classify his idiocy and assign him to his proper ward in the asylum of degeneracy," it is difficult to believe that only questions of artistic method occupied his mind.

Had this been so, however, it seems doubtful whether the technique of any writer can be justly criticised apart from a consideration of the message which it is intended to

bear. Certainly the delicate framework on which the mystic poets hang the filmy tissue of their thought must appear meaningless to those who, like Mr. Ropes, deliberately ignore their symbolism and intention. "His (Maeterlinck's) essays," he says, "his mysticism and philosophy, were outside my consideration except in so far as they enabled a reader to understand his artistic methods."

But a knowledge of Maeterlinck's philosophy, as exhibited in his essays, must go hand in hand with any true comprehension of his technique. I am surprised that any serious critic could doubt this. Desiring to express certain spiritual truths, Maeterlinck chooses the medium best suited to his design: Mr. Ropes, ignoring the spiritual truths, belittles the achievement because the medium is not to his mind.

Secondly, Mr. Ropes finds my summary of his article inaccurate. It appears that his languid praise of Maeterlinck's use of the supernatural applies to "L'Intruse" alone. I credited him with perceiving the same fine qualities in "L'Intérieur" and "Les Aveugles." Also, I now gather that he did not mean to say that "Mr. Kipling did it (the gradual accumulation of terror) better" than Maeterlinck. I subjoin two extracts—the first from his article, the second from his letter.

1. "Maeterlinck's style is more poetic than theirs (*i.e.*, Kipling's and Maupassant's), but less convincing."

2. "Such practised literary craftsmen as Maupassant and Kipling give their readers a stronger shudder than does the mystical Maeterlinck."

Surely the strength of effect produced is the essence of success in this class of writing!

On one point alone I can meet Mr. Ropes on his own ground. He says he is unable to grasp "the strange stillness of the soul which is felt in Maeterlinck's works." I agree. But this, being purely a question of feeling, is hardly a subject for argument; especially with an antagonist who confesses to a weakness for "the hard realities" of life.

Nor, after all, is the matter a very important one. It is scarcely probable that the hostility of the crowd will deflect M. Maeterlinck from the path which his genius points out: nor that he, or his fellow mystics, will be tempted to exclaim in the words of Mr. "Adrian Ross's" most popular ditty:

If you do not love me I shall die! die! die!

—I am, &c.,

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

3, Campden Hill-place, W.

SIR,—Mr. Ropes is surely not serious in saying that he does not know what is meant by "the stillness of the soul" in literature. It means the higher repose. In the case of Maeterlinck it also means, I think, purity of emotion, a sweet resignation to destiny, the atmosphere of abstract love, the contemplative mind dwelling humbly on great things. Mr. Ropes will find in Ibsen's last play everything that "the stillness of the soul" does not mean. *When We Dead Awaken* is a very pitiful revelation of soul panic.—I am, &c.,

V. B.

Brighton: April 9, 1900.

The Missing Word.

SIR,—In reference to Mr. Arnold White's letter in the last number of the ACADEMY, I wish to point out that the word Briton is of Gaelic origin, and that the name Britannia was given to a country in which there was a large Gaelic population. The term Anglo-Saxon, which Mr. White uses, is one which excludes the "Celtic fringe" altogether, all Irish, Highland Scots, and Welsh, and as a Welshman I wish to protest against it. Why not Anglo-Celtic?—I am, &c.,

ANCIENT BRITON.

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 29 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize for the best suggestion as to a new word to cover all British subjects, whether English, colonial, or Irish; the request to do so being put to us by Mr. Arnold White. Among the names suggested are "Victorians" (by many competitors), "Britishers" (by three), "Imperials," "Queensmen," "Homelanders," "Britannialists," "Empirists," "Britonians," "Freelanders," "Britemprists," "Imperions," and "Englanders." "Victorians" is in many ways the more satisfactory word, but it is ruled out by the fact that the word is already in use as a term to describe natives of Victoria, in Australia, a vast tract of country. "Britishers" is too long. "Imperials" could never withstand the competition of the tuft of beard which bears the same name. "Queensmen" would have little point when a king was on the throne. "Homelanders" means nothing in particular. "Empirists" is too near "Empiric." "Freelanders" is not expressive enough. Altogether we are inclined to consider "Englander" the best word, although the participation of Ireland is not apparent in it. We have therefore sent a cheque for a guinea to the Rev. F. G. Cole, 42, Blenheim-street, Prince's-avenue, Hull, with whom the word "Englander" originated.

H. W. Malton, writes: "I send a few ideas for Competition 29.

1. John Bullies.

2. Read-easy-uns.

3. Semi-colonists (this last contains the two-fold suggestion of being 'unaggressive,' but never able to reach a full stop!).

4. Bigger-Burghers, might also do to counteract the Little Englanders.

As a name for the Institution to which these gentlemen belong I propose the Lowly Roaming Empire."

Replies received from F. A., Leeds; A. R., Manchester; G. S., Aberdeen; F. E. W., London; D. E. B., London; G. P. B., London; A. H., Southport; M. E., London; M. M. E., London; M. H., London; G. E. P., London; A. W., London; L. H., London; G. W. S., London; M. A., Eastbourne; M. C., London; E. G. F., London; E. A. H., London; A. T., London; D. S., London; M. M. R., Liverpool; R. F. M.C., Whitby; G. S., Eastbourne; B. A. S., London; E. B., Liverpool; A. T. R., Glasgow; M. B., Derby; G. E. M., London; R. M., Glendevon; E. H., London; E. M., Stirling; G. L. F., London.

Too late to compete: A. J. S. (St. John's Wood), telegraphs—"Kinland and Kinlander."

Thel's MSS. for Special Competition were duly received.

Competition No. 30 (New Series).

In the *Globe* of a few days ago was this paragraph: "A hostess who had a mania for setting her guests intellectual puzzles, by way of keeping them quiet in the evening, offered the other day a prize for the best parody of any well-known proverb. The painful frowns that at once gathered on the faces of the company suggested to one of the guests a brilliant idea 'It is not the scowl,' he said, 'that makes the skunk.'" The example given is not a very good one, but it illustrates the game. The historic example is, perhaps, Lewis Carroll's advice to writers: "Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves." We offer a prize of a guinea to the author of the best parody of a proverb.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, April 10. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 320, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

THE SUNKEN BELL.

BY GERHART HAUPTMANN.

This "fairy play," to which we refer elsewhere, is published with the written approval of Gerhart Hauptmann. The translator is Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN. BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

A timely re-issue, with timely revisions, of Mr. Collingwood's two-volume work, *The Life and Work of John Ruskin*. (Methuen & Co. 6s.)

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. C. RYLE, D.D.

Never until now has the venerable ex-Bishop of Liverpool published a volume of sermons. The selection has been made from the Bishop's MSS. by the Rev. T. J. Madden, Archdeacon of Warrington. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY: ENGLISH TOPOGRAPHY, PART XII.

EDITED BY F. A. MILNE.

This addition to a capital series deals with Surrey and Sussex. It is rather a pity, we think, that the names of these counties do not appear on the cover, but have to be sought on the title-page. (Stock. 7s. 6d.)

HOW ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE, VOL. IV.

BY W. H. FITCHETT.

This volume completes Mr. Fitchett's narrative of our wars with France between 1793 and 1815. A good index to the four volumes is given. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Glanville (W.), *The Web Unwoven; The Dolus Theory of the Book of Acts* (Watts & Co.)
Drummond (James), *International Handbooks to the New Testament: The Epistles of Paul the Apostle* (Putnam's Sons) 6/0
Muzey (David Saville), *The Rise of the New Testament* (Macmillan) 5/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Selfe (Rose E.), *With Dante in Paradise* (Cassell) 2/0
Smith (Justin H.), *The Troubadours at Home: Their Lives and Personalities, their Songs and their World* (Putnam's Sons) net 25/0
Titus and Lysander. *In Five Acts* (Stock)
Skeat (Rev. Walter W.), *The Chaucer Canon* (Clarendon Press) 3/6
Speight (E. E.), *Selections from the Poetry of Teanyson* (Marshall & Son) net 1/0
Ambler (Benjamin G.), *Ballads of Greater Britain* (Stock)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Spence (H. D. M.), *A History of the English Church* (Dent) net 1/0
Scaife (A. H.), *The War to Date* (Unwin) 3/6
Wheeler (Benjamin Ide), *Alexander the Great: the Merging of East and West in Universal History* (Putnam's Sons) 5/0
Atkin's (John Black), *The Relief of Ladysmith* (Methuen) 6/0
Sharpless (Isaac), *A History of Quaker Government in Pennsylvania. Vol. II.* (Leach)
Sharpless (Isaac), *A Quaker Experiment in Government* (Ferris)
Leroy Beaulieu (Pierre), *Le Rénovation de l'Asie* (Colin & Cie.) 4 fr.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Morris (Charles), *Man and his Ancestor: A Study in Evolution*. (Macmillan) 6/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dresser (Horatio W.), *Voices of Freedom, and Studies in the Philosophy of Individuality* (Putnam's Sons) 5/0
Blake (Rev. J. M.), *In the Wind of the Day* (Allen) 2/0
Hasiuck (Paul N.), *Practical Metal-plate Work* (Cassell)
McMillan (Margaret), *Early Childhood* (Sonnenschein)
Wood (Rev. J.), *The Nuttall Encyclopedia* (Warne) 3/6
Roxburgh (T. L.) & Ford (J. C.), *The Handbook of Jamaica* (Stanford)
The Chord, No. 4 (Unicorn Press)
The Higher Land, No. 5 (Putnam's Sons)

NEW EDITIONS.

Whyte-Melville (G. J.), *Tilbury Nogo* (Ward, Lock)
Chaffers (W.), *Marks and Monograms on European and Oriental Pottery and Porcelain*. Revised and edited by Frederick Lichfield. Ninth Edition (Gibbings)

New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

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TUESDAYS, April 24, May 1, & 8. Half-a-Guinea the Course.ALEXANDER HILL, M.A., M.D., Master of Downing Col-
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(1) "RUSKIN, MAN and PROPHET"; (2) "RUSKIN, the
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TURES on "CHAUCER." On THURSDAYS, May 24, 31,
June 7. Half-a-Guinea.STANLEY LANE-FOOLE, Esq., M.A. (Oxon), Professor of
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